The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

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Library of the PACIFIC UNIVERSITY SCHOOL

THE INWARD LIGHT

I HAVE a little inward light, which still
All tenderly I keep, and ever will.
I think it never wholly dies away;
But oft it seems as if it could not stay,
And I do strive to keep it, if I may.

Sometimes the wind-gusts push it sore aside;
Then closely to my breast my light I hide,
And for it make a tent of my two hands;
And though it scarce might on the lamp abide,
It soon recovers and uprightly stands.

Sometimes it seems there is no flame at all;
I look quite close, because it is so small;
Then all for sorrow do I weep and sigh;
But Some One seems to listen when I cry,
And the light burns up, and I know not why.

O God! O Father! Hear thy child who cries!
Who would not quench thy flame; who would not dare
To let it dwindle in a sinful air;
Who does feel how all-precious such a prize,
And yet, alas! is feeble and not wise.

O hear, dear Father! for Thou know'st the need;
Thou know'st what awful height there is in Thee,
How very low I am; oh, do Thou feed
Thy light, that it burn ever, and succeed
My life to deepest holiness to lead.

—*Henry Septimus Sutton.*

BROADCASTING IN VARIOUS WAYS

WE hear every day of the far-reaching effects of the wonderful Radio. It is manifest, to all who use it or hear of it, how marvelous it is that words and sounds can reach so far, carrying so much to those who listen in. The man whose words are broadcasted has no idea of the effect of them. He may hear later from some whom they have reached. How wonderful it would be if he whose sermon is being broadcasted could look in through the windows of the homes where his listeners are, and see the looks of interest on their faces as they lean forward or lie on their pillows! It would be an inspiring sight. It might make a man speak more helpful words than he would have spoken.

In reality, however, this broadcasting, this getting in touch with other lives, is not so new as it seems. There has been an unseen radio at work for centuries, only in a different line. No man knows how far his example for good or evil really extends. It is not likely to go to Canada or to Florida, but in the world in which he lives and moves it may travel far, while yet he is quite unconscious of it. Some book or paper written by him in bygone days may turn up to surprise him on a table in a far-away home or cottage. Perhaps it was sent by some society to a little town where there is a library; or perhaps a summer visitor left it behind. He may find with surprise that someone in the house has been deeply influenced by it, either for joy or for comfort in trouble. Then the writer's heart will be glad, for it may be that, when he wrote those words, he wrote with a heart which was sad and weary, and therefore feared that what he wrote was a failure.

One of the most wonderful reports in modern times of the effect of a man's words is the account of Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. We are told that, after his address, a silence fell upon the listening throng and he felt in that stillness that he had not touched his hearers—whereas, the silence meant a feeling too deep for outward sign. He did not suspect that those words of his would go out into the years to come and touch the lives of other generations.

Many a time we have gone to a friend whom we love and longed to help, yet when we left her we felt our coming had been of no avail. We could think of no words to reach her, and had come away with a feeling of disappointment,

almost of despair. Ah! but we did not realize that there is a speech beyond that of words, a sort of radio between heart and heart, and that she whom we longed to comfort was comforted by the touch of our hand or the look in our eyes, far more than any spoken words could have helped, for the wound could not bear touching even by a word but the sympathy moved from heart to heart.

Do we not all remember in our lives moments of distress and longing and loneliness, when suddenly, when our need was greatest, an unexpected word reached us. It seemed as if the man or woman who sent it was in some way conscious of our need and responded to it, moving to the telephone or taking up the pen and sending the word which reached us, lightening our hearts.

We can look back on days when we seemed to accomplish nothing, when we felt no one needed us; then suddenly came a cry for help, and we were on our feet, our own sorrows forgotten, plunged into the life of another—which is often the only salvation for one's own life when the clouds hang heavy above us. There is no way so sure to help ourselves, when we are struggling in deep waters, as the feeling that we must set our feet on firm land to save another who is struggling in the current near us.

The radio sends out words crying to a son and daughter to return to a parent suddenly stricken with illness. It notifies the people of a lost child to be found. But the unseen radio within our hearts, if we but listen to it, will give almost as many calls for help, if we but listen to them and hurry to aid those whose voices have been heard in our quiet moments.

No one ever—unless so ill that it is impossible to expend an ounce of strength—is in a position in which he cannot help someone. Even if he does not do any one definite deed or give any money, a smiling face, a hearty hand-shake, a bunch of wild flowers, will mean perhaps far more than the giver dreamed.

I can recall many times when this has been so with me—why not with others? I remember a young man passing me on a windy day when my veil blew away; he ran after it and picked it up, and as I stood waiting, I saw a bright young face, full of charm and merriment, and he laughingly said, as he handed the veil to me, "You don't mind my having walked all over it, do you?" I laughed too, and said, "No indeed!" Then his face disappeared. It was twenty years ago; I remember it as if it were yesterday. There was really nothing to remember but a happy feeling. "Ships that pass in the night and speak to each other in passing" are an everyday affair; the speaking is what has counted. The looks and words may linger.

So let us not be disappointed that we seem to accomplish so little. How far the broadcasting of our lives has really gone can never be known, and many more may have been helped by our unrealized words and deeds than we imagine. Let us keep on hoping,—if not always knowing,—and every now and then there will come to us a glad surprise from someone, perhaps years afterward, who tells us how we have helped them when we little suspected it.—*A. B. Coolidge.*

HOT FOOD IN RURAL SCHOOLS

Miss Betty Eckhart tells how the country schools in Monroe County, West Virginia, managed the noon hot lunch proposition. They planned a method applicable to country schools, explained it to the teachers and pupils of each school, arranged to have the plan inaugurated about a certain date, and provided for competition between schools with honor rolls and prizes.

The equipment required to provide warm milk, cocoa, and soup for lunch in a rural school consisted of an oil stove costing $2 to $3, teakettle, stew kettle, dishpan, measuring cup, mixing spoon, and a few towels. Each pupil brought his lunch and that was eaten cold. The hot dishes were limited to milk, cocoa, or soup.

Two children were detailed each day as cooks for the day. At recess the stove was lighted and a dishpan of water was set on. In this was set a kettle, or more than one, into which was poured the milk, cocoa, or soup. The flame was turned low and the cooks went back to their studies. At noon the warm dishes were ready.

In most instances the families took turns in supplying the milk, cocoa, or soup. In some cases it was found better to buy the milk, soup or cocoa from a near-by farmer. In case the materials were bought, the cocoa was sold at three cents a cup.

At noon the pupils ate their lunches together. The warm water in the dishpan which had served to warm the food was used to wash the dishes. A daily detail of pupils served as dish washers. Cups and spoons were brought from home daily in the lunch basket.

And that was about all there was to the plan. It was found workable because it was so very simple and the equipment of material and of helpers was so small. The great advantage of the warm food with the lunch was that the pupils were held together, they ate more slowly and quietly, and kept away from play after eating a little longer than they did when the noon lunch was gorged on the run.

The room luncheon improved the school attendance.—*Dr. W. A. Evans, in the "Boston Herald."*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Granite 1140

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Please read and follow the suggestions

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

OFFERS

For any of the following books, apply to Mrs. William M. Brown, 136 Union St., Montclair, New Jersey

Outlines of Industrial Chemistry
Plant Analysis
The Art of Elocution
Industrial Drawing
Parliamentary Practice
Elements of Logic
Natural Philosophy
A Short History of England
Word Study
Comprehensive Speaker
Physiological Chemistry
Works of Josephus
History of the English Puritans
Intellectual Life
Cathcart's Literary Reader
History of Earth and Animated Nature (Goldsmith)
Sweden and Norway
School Speaker
Hunter's Life
The Human Body
Robbins' History of England
Presbyterian Reunion Memorial
Biography of Gilbert Wight
A History Primer
Natural Resources of the United States
The English Language
Trigonometry for Beginners
The Book of Human Nature
Architecture
History of France and Normandy
American Literature
Talks on Psychology and Life's Ideals (James)
The Holy Bible
The New Testament
Holy Scriptures
Complete Analysis of the Bible
Footsteps of St. Paul
Scripture Lands
Pilgrim Songs
Association Hymn Book
Gems of Beauty
Spiritual Lessons from the Brownings
The Task (Cowper)
Life of Roswell Bates
The Right Way
The Young Lady's Guide
French and English Dictionary
Beginners' French
Graziella
Les Misérables
Grammaire de la Conversation
Les Grandes Inventions
Spanish in Twenty Lessons
Dictionary Notes in Latin
The Gallic Wars
Cicero's Orations
German Vocabulary
Dream Life (Marvel)
The Spencers

In the Days of My Youth
The Anxious Inquirer
The Young Lady of Pleasure
From the Life (O'Higgins)
One After Another
The Way of Martha and Mary
The Right Way
Ten Minute Stories (Blackwood)
The Foolish Lovers (Ervine)
The Fortune (Goldring)
A Spinner in the Sun (Reed)
The Master of the Vineyard (Reed)
The Bent Twig (Canfield)
A Son of the People (Orczy)
El Fureidis (Cummings)
Pam Decides

REQUESTS

1. The following books are asked for by Prof. C. C. Wright, Hunting Creek, N. C., for a school library. Professor Wright is County Superintendent of 150 schools, and can use the books to advantage. *Bitter-Sweet*, by Holland; *Pleasures of Memory*, by Campbell; *Pleasures of Hope*, by Campbell; *Poems* by Jean Ingelow; *Poems* by J. G. Saxe; *Selected Poems* of Robert Browning; *Snowbound*, by Whittier; *The Light of Asia*, by Edwin Arnold; *Aurora Leigh*, by E. B. Browning; *Treasure Island*, by Stevenson; *Robert Elsmere*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward; *The Last of the Mohicans*, by James Fenimore Cooper.

2. Miss Grace Womac, Calhoun, Tenn., R. 2, asks for a correspondent, also for books and magazines.

3. Mrs. Elsie Jamison, Fieldale, Va., asks that her children be remembered. Eldren is six years old, Mae three years, Russell four months.

4. I would be glad of any reading matter for me and my seven children, and would be glad to get quilt scraps of any kind for patchwork. Crops were cut short and rent was so high, I cannot buy material for quilts. I wish you Godspeed in your good work. (Mrs.) Eddie Brooks, Wadesboro, N. C., R. 1, Box 83.

5. Scraps for patchwork are asked for by: Winnie Stuart, Jefferson, N. C.; Miss Minnie Whaling, Dodson, Va.; Mrs. J. P. Hall, Bassett, Va.; Mrs. Geo. Scott, Bassett, Va.; Mrs. Minnie Wilkey, Dayton, Tenn., R. 4, Box 285; Mrs. Sam C. Ingle, Decatur, Tenn., R. 2, Box 67; Mrs. J. W. Cowick, Wadesboro, N. C., R. 1; Mrs. Aubrey Shelton, Dodson, Va., R. 1; Miss Alice Martin, Dodson, Va.; Mrs. Ellen P. Smith, Ansonville, N. C., Box 233.

6. Miss Lillian E. Trafton, Cape Neddick, Maine, is quite anxious to read a *Life of Henry IV of France*, and *Confessions of the Czarina* by Count Paul Vassili. If someone can loan either of these, she will be glad to return them, and appreciate the loan.

7. I certainly have enjoyed the good reading that has been sent me. I shall be glad to get some more patchwork pieces and also story books for the children. I have three children—a six-year-old boy, a four-year-old boy, and a two-year-old girl. I hope someone may remember my children. As I am disabled for getting around much at the present time, I certainly have appreciated everything that I have got. Thanks to one and all for their past favors. (Mrs.) Georgia G. Massey, Elamsville, Va.

8. Lizzie Bowden, South Brewer, Maine, R. F. D. Box 81, is over eighty years old, and has fallen; she suffers and is very lonely, having at home only hired help. Any bit of patchwork material, a card, or a letter of cheer will be appreciated.

9. I am a country girl, seventeen years of age. I am very fond of reading, but we are so poor we can't buy any. I would be very thankful for reading and quilt pieces. I have one married sister, and three brothers at home—Otis, age nineteen, Dewey, thirteen, Ermile, five years. Post cards will be appreciated by us all. Father and mother are not strong; father not able to do a day's work. Grandmother, who is eighty-two, lives with us. Mable Gibson, Malakoff, Texas, R. 2, Box 131.

10. I am a girl of fifteen, and enjoy reading very much. Would appreciate novels or magazines, especially *Needlecraft*, and scraps for patchwork. Lucy Walker, Boomer, N. C.

11. I am still on the *Cheerful Letter* list, but was away from home last winter and was sick a long while, and for a time could neither write nor read, and lost touch with many friends; but I often thought of them all and their kindness to cheer my lonely hours. Am still far from well but manage to keep up and work. Have been keeping house for my sister-in-law for several months, and am quite busy. Miss Peabody sends me the *Munsey*, and some friend the *Cheerful Letter* paper. Would be glad to get the *Woman's Home Companion* and the *Christian Herald*, if someone takes and would forward them to me. If not the *Companion*, some good-print story magazine, in addition to the one Miss Peabody sends me. (Miss) A. Augusta Peatross, Spencer, Va., R. 3, Box 31.

12. I wish to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends who have sent me reading matter since my appeal was printed in April. I would love to have more books and magazines through the winter. I think the society is doing a grand work. (Mrs.) Claud Cockerham, Smethport, N. C.

13. I thank the friends for their kindness in the past. And I hope to be still remembered with good books and magazines, especially *Needlecraft* and *The Modern Priscilla*. I would also like to correspond with *Cheerful Letter* friends. (Miss) Claudia Duggins, Route 3, Madison, N. C.

14. I wish to express my thanks to you and all others who remembered me so kindly in the past. Also thank someone who sent the *Cheerful Letter* to me. Would be pleased to have some dialogues for boys of thirteen and seven, and a little girl of ten; also other good reading matter, such as books and magazines. (Mrs.) Nannie F. Hash, Endicott, Va.

15. We are poor folks and live in a lonely place. I am a widow and have seven children, two boys and five girls. My youngest children are twin girls. I would appreciate reading. (Mrs.) Mary E. Greene, Riceville, Tenn., R. 2.

16. Mrs. Cutler Hill, Campbell, N. C., a great sufferer from rheumatism and nervousness, would like to get books and magazines, quilt pieces, anything to help pass off the long winter days.

17. I thank all who have sent me magazines, books, and other reading matter. I would like to write each one individually, but cannot. I would be glad of picture cards or anything that would be a pleasure to my little girl, Evelyn Geneva, aged three years. She gets lonesome sometimes, as she has no one to play with her. (Mrs.) Walter Pendleton, Elamsville, Va.

18. I am a schoolgirl, seventeen years old, and would appreciate any reading. I am especially fond of standard novels, and would be glad if someone could send me the *Ladies' Home Journal* for each month. I would like to correspond with someone near my age. Mary F. Tyson, Polkton, N. C., R. 2.

19. I am writing to the *Cheerful Letter* to see if the good ladies have forgotten me. I have moved from Lansing, N. C., to Dott, W. Va.; am many miles from my father and mother, and I feel very sad and have lots of trouble. I try to serve God, but I have a tough road. If any friends could send me some books and magazines, I would greatly appreciate them. I have three kids, two girls and one boy. My husband works in the mines. (Mrs.) W. E. Barker, Dott, W. Va., Box 16.

20. I would be so glad to get the gift of books, magazines and quilt-scraps for myself and mother. We are poor and she enjoys reading so much. She is eighty years old and her health fast failing. I am an old maid. I have one brother and three sisters living. My father has been dead for about three years. My mother will be glad to write to other old ladies and I would like to write any one that writes me. I am a Sunday School teacher. Would be glad to get anything to help me in my work. (Miss) Rosa Johnson, Chilhourie, Va., Star R., Box 52.

21. Several days ago your package containing the scraps arrived. I certainly was glad to receive them and would have written and thanked you sooner, but my sister has been very ill for several months and last Friday the end came. Since then I have been very busy and my nerves have been badly torn up. Many of the *Cheerful Letter* ladies have sent me scraps and reading matter and I certainly do thank them all. Anything that is sent will be appreciated. (Mrs.) Lucy Long, Calhoun, Tenn.

22. Mrs. Lena Harris, Stuart, Va., with two small kiddies, asks for cards for them, reading for herself, also scraps for quilts.

23. Mrs. Albert Davis, Polkton, N. C., R. 2, Box 45, is just home from the hospital; will appreciate magazines, and asks for cards on her birthday, February 20.

24. Mrs. J. C. Meredith, Jonesboro, Ark., R. 6, would like any of Harold Bell Wright's books for herself, and *Thirty-One Years on the Plains and in the Mountains* for her son. Will return them if so desired.

25. Mrs. J. W. Burns, Niota, Tenn., R. 3, mother of five children, living on rented land, asks for reading and quilt scraps. Her children are two girls (eleven and three), and three boys (fourteen, nine, and six).

26. Mrs. Etta Miller, Seven Mile Ford, Va., mother of three children, asks for religious reading.

27. Mrs. J. W. Shelton, Corinne, W. Va., with three girls and two boys, all fond of reading, will be glad to receive good stories.

28. Essie Lawhorne, Naola, Va., a girl of sixteen, would like suitable reading for herself and sister of thirteen, and brother of eight. They are motherless children living in a remote place.

29. Mrs. Ellen Inlow, Trail, Ore., has been a member for thirty years; is not receiving much now, and asks for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Woman's World*, or *Munsey*.

30. Will some friend please send me the *Youth's Companion* for 1924? I live way back in the hills of northern Arkansas, where reading matter of the worth-while kind is hard to find. I am eighteen and reading is one of my happiest pastimes. Don Johnson, Ben Hur, Ark.

31. I wish to express my thanks for the numerous books, magazines, clippings and pictures and paste, that have been sent to me to use among my little club-members. There surely has been a large supply of them and you cannot imagine how we have enjoyed them. My time is so filled that I have not been able to send individual thanks to everyone. But just the same, we have enjoyed it all and appreciate it so much. (Mrs.) Hobart Austin, Kelford, N. C., Box 54.

32. I wish to thank all that remembered me and the children with reading and letters. I hope to be remembered through the long winter with good reading. Would be glad of quilt scraps and crochet cotton. I am not having any better health. Can hardly go at times, am so weak. I will be forty-one years old on the 17th of March. I hope the *Cheerful Letter* friends will remember me on that day. (Mrs.) Lydia A. Martin, Campbell, N. C., R. 1.

33. Welmer Shepherd, Clifton, N. C., writes: I am a cripple boy, fourteen years old, cannot walk a step. I like good reading to pass off the time. I am going to school now all I can. My papa is a poor man and cannot send me to school all the time. I have not walked since I was two years old. Now please send me any books you can spare.

34. It has been some time since I heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. But hope they will remember us during the long winter to come. I have sprained my foot, and can't get around very much. My husband is very feeble as he has been sick, and isn't able to work. We get lonesome sometimes, as we live in a thinly settled neighborhood. My husband and I belong to the Baptist church and like to read religious literature. I am fifty-six years old and my husband will be sixty years old in April. I hope some of the friends will surprise my husband on his birthday with a card shower. I would greatly appreciate a few pieces for my quilt. (Mrs.) Lizzie Hall, Elamsville, Va.

35. Odessa Spencer (eleven years old) and Clara Lee Spencer (thirteen) of Stella, Va., will be glad of cards.

36. Mrs. Robert L. Brown, Stoneville, N. C., living in a strange neighborhood, finds it lonely and will be grateful for the *Modern Priscilla*.

37. Being a minister's wife, I would greatly appreciate having some religious literature. I would dearly love to have copies of the *Christian Herald*, also the *Youth's Companion*, and anything that would be of help in Sunday School work. (Mrs.) Rosa Magee, Forestburg, Texas.

RIP VAN WINKLE

The Kaatskill Mountains, in New York, stand west of the Hudson River, lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day produces some change in their hues and shapes. At the foot of these mountains nestles a little village of great antiquity; it was founded long ago by Dutch colonists, and some of the houses were built of yellow brick brought across the sea from Holland.

In one of the village houses, a shabby one, badly worn and weather-beaten, there lived (a century and a half ago) a man descended from Dutch ancestors and named Rip Van Winkle. He was a kindly, good-natured fellow. The children of the village were delighted when he came near. He made playthings for them, taught them to fly their kites and to shoot marbles, and told them the most wonderful tales of witches and ghosts and Indians. No wonder the neighbors' little folks were fond of him. But at home it was another matter! If the whole truth must be told, Rip was the laziest mortal alive, and he never did a stroke of real work if he could get out of it. Hoeing potatoes and mending a leaky roof were tasks he always shirked. His land grew up to weeds; his house became yet more shabby and forlorn. If his sharp-tongued wife had not gone out washing and scrubbing, there would often have been nothing for the ragged little Van Winkles to eat for supper.

Rip's wife did scold. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was going. And it seemed to do neither good nor harm: Rip just shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

When things became too difficult at home, Rip used to stroll over to the village tavern,

where the neighbors gathered to talk politics. It was in the time of King George the Third, long before the days of railways. A newspaper was several weeks old before it reached that remote country village at all; but when it did arrive the neighbors got the schoolmaster to read it aloud; they talked over all the news, and decided—quite to their own satisfaction—how the affairs of the country ought to be managed.

One day Rip's wife, specially angered by his shiftlessness, went to the tavern herself and gave him a vigorous scolding, right before the neighbors. That did mortify him. But his only response was to call the dog, and shoulder his old hunting gun, and go strolling off up the wooded slope of the mountain, to wait until the word-storm should blow over.

He shot a few squirrels, thinking they would at least provide a stew for supper; then he sat down to rest on a lofty ridge of ground, from which he could see a long distance in both directions. At one side he looked down over a peaceful stretch of farming country with the beautiful silvery ribbon of the Hudson River shining in the distance. At the other side he overlooked a deep and lonely valley with no sign of life, but with other mountains beyond it—mountains and yet more mountains looked over each other's shoulders there, crowded close together.

As Rip lounged at his ease, he was surprised by the sound of his own name. Someone was calling: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"

Down in the shadowy glen at the west he could see a queer-looking stranger slowly climbing up a steep, rough path, with a heavy keg or cask on his shoulder. Rip was sure he had never seen the fellow before. The man's clothes were of an unfamiliar cut, but rather like those of the Dutch people who had first come over to this land from Holland.

Again the stranger called Rip's name, and this time he beckoned and made motions as if to ask for help in carrying his burden. It looked like a cask of liquor. Rip thought it would at least be interesting to see what was done with it, so he joined the stranger and lent a hand with the cask. Not a word was said. They made their way together up a steep slope, by a narrow, rocky way which was really not a path at all—merely the bed of a dried-up brook. What could it all mean?

The course of the brook-bed, as they followed it, led at last to an open place high up on the mountainside, where there was a bit of level ground; and there they joined a company of men playing ninepins. Outlandish fellows they all were, with very full short breeches, leather belts hung with ugly knives, and hats with tall, pointed crowns, each decorated with a long feather. They said not a single word, but seemed absorbed in their sport, rolling the heavy balls in turn with solemn attention; and with the rolling of each ball came a noise as heavy as the rumbling of thunder between high hills.

Rip's companion motioned for him to set down the keg of liquor; then he began to pour the drink out into great flagons. Never a single word was spoken, but the players all drank, and Rip—who indeed never let such a chance go by—drank also. He was very thirsty. He drank again—yes, yet again. He was not certain how many drinks he had, for they made him very sleepy, much too sleepy to keep any count. And at last he was not sure of anything of any kind: he simply went sound asleep.

(To be continued)

AMUSEMENT CORNER

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Corner to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Massachusetts.]

I

A STAIRWAY

The top step is a three-letter word. Each lower step begins with the last three letters of the one above.

1. A vulgar, ill-bred fellow. 2. The reputed founder of Thebes. 3. A fine cotton cloth. 4. A kind of tree. 5. Pertaining to the teeth. 6. A common name for a toilet powder. 7. To hinder: To embarrass. 8. A boy's nickname. 9. To fasten with a string.—*Exchange.*

II

GEOGRAPHICAL SQUARES

One of the United States, a narrative, a girl's name, principal or chief.

One of the United States, unfastened, a narrow strip of leather in a shoe, small insects.

One of the United States, a round, metal band, a small item, a precious stone.—*Selected.*

III

HIDDEN FRUIT

1. Let me have a nap, please. 2. Don't you think she is pale, Mona? 3. He will appear next. 4. The peacock is a bird of fine plumage. 5. Florimel, one dollar has disappeared.—*The Beacon.*

The Lady: "Yus, miss. 'E commenced to quarrel with me the moment 'e come in." District Visitor: "What did he do?" The Lady: "Do! W'y, 'e just set still and 'e never said a bloomin' word."—*Passing Show.*

Answers to puzzles in the January number

I. Concealed Capitals: 1. Concord. 2. Albany. 3. Dover. 4. Raleigh. 5. Pierre. 6. St. Paul. 7. Trenton. 8. Salem. 9. Helena. 10. Denver. 11. Austin. 12. Lansing.

II. Homophonous Blanks: 1. Sue, Soo, Sault, Sioux. 2. Finnish, finish. 3. Pries, prize, Prys. 4. Prays, praise, preys. 5. Pride, Pried. 6. Currant, current. 7. Pros, prose. 8. Penance, pennants.

III. Enigma: America, the beautiful.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music* and *letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, at 4 East 88th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Ave. and 20th St., New York City.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and thirty-six libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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